

# Central America at the Seaside: Punta Arenas' Hotels

(Copyright, 1912, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
**PUNTA ARENAS, Costa Rica.**—I have come over the new railroad down the mountains of Costa Rica to the Pacific coast, and I am now at the chief port on this side of the continent awaiting a steamer for Nicaragua. The port is named Punta Arenas. The words mean Sandy Point, and there is enough sand here to plaster the locks of the Panama canal. Everything is sandy. The roads are a black sand and the beach is covered with sand of a somber hue.

Punta Arenas has about 5,000 population. It is built on a sandy spit of land which runs out into the Bay of Nicoya, being bordered on one side by an estuary five miles long, up which one can go into the interior of the country. This part of Costa Rica is heavily wooded. It has forests of cedar, cocobola, mahogany and other hard woods, and on my way over the railroad I passed many little sawmills which were cutting timber for shipment abroad. I passed also the road to the Abanceros gold mines, which are located some distance away in the woods. These mines belong to an American company, and it is taking out something like \$50,000 worth of gold every month. They have stamp mills and are now employing over 1,500 men.

**A Costa Rican Resort.**  
 Punta Arenas is sometimes called the Atlantic City of Central America. Dr. Franklin, the American druggist here, says it deserves the name, but I have yet to find any reason for the statement. Atlantic City has white sand and it is comparatively clean. The sand of Punta Arenas is a black as your hat and it is mixed with the debris of the eastern Pacific. The bathing is good at Atlantic City, although now and then the water is cold. The sea here is as warm as boiling house soup and it is so infested with sharks that one is lucky not to lose a leg while swimming. Indeed, there is only one place that is safe. This is inside an enclosure where the sea is fenced around by a woven wire fence so fine that the sharks cannot get through. Inside the fence is a public bathhouse with steps leading down into the water. The bathhouse has union suits, which it lets for 12 cents a swim, but these suits are so poorly knitted that if you get near the wire fence you may break a thread and be unraveled to nudity before you get in. Moreover, the dark sand discolors the water, and when the tide comes in it is somewhat like swimming through mud. Punta Arenas, like Atlantic City, has a promenade walk with concrete seats on each side and a bandstand at the end. It is about one-fifth as long as the walk at Atlantic City.

**At the Central American Seaside.**  
 This town is nothing like any of our American seaside resorts. Take the hotels. The one at which I am stopping is called "La Europa," and it is about the best in the place. It is a two-story building made of wood, with a roof of galvanized iron. Last night we had an earthquake, which made the wook crack and the galvanized iron rumble like so much stage thunder, but otherwise no damage was done. There is no plaster on the walls to fall and none on the ceiling. The walls consist of plain boards nailed to studs about four feet apart, and the ceiling, which is fifteen feet high, has a lattice work around it about ten feet from the floor that the air may blow through. There are no windows in my room, which faces the Pacific ocean, but there is a lattice work higher up. It is only when the door is open that I can look out on the sea.

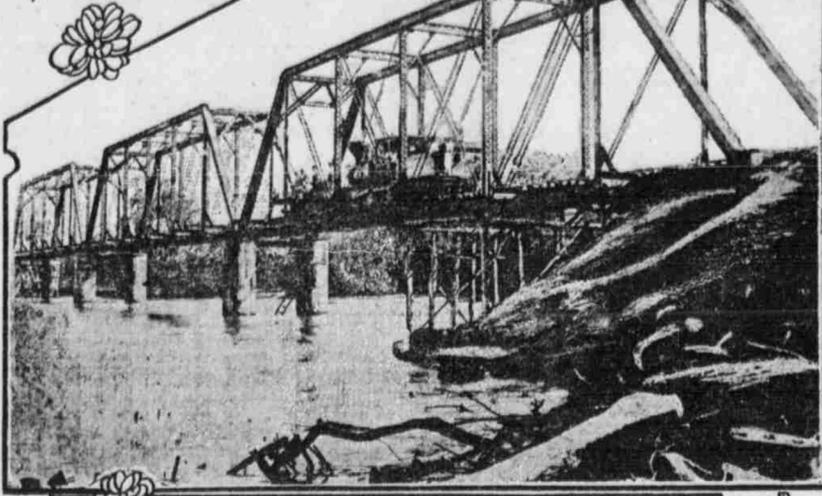
The dining room of the hotel extends out over the sea, and the maids sweep the dirt and droppings right out into the water. The floor is of rough lumber, and there is a low fence along the side which faces the ocean.  
 The hotel is dignified in that it has two stories. The other buildings are mostly of one story, with rooms looking out on the street, so that one frequently sees the people dressing as he goes by. The buildings are made of boards and roofed with red tiles ending in a gutter which has a pipe extending out over the sidewalk. It rains now and then, and the water from the roofs pours down through the pipes upon the middle of the pavement so that one has to sly in and out to keep from receiving a cataract down the back of his neck.  
 I wish I could show you the streets of Punta Arenas. They are unpaved and heavy with the dirty black sand. Some of them are lined with coconut palms and there is a beautiful park in the center of the city which is filled with tropical vegetation. Here the hand plays begins.

The stores are scattered throughout the town. The merchants are chiefly Costa Ricans, and in most cases they have large stocks of goods. This is the business center of Pacific Costa Rica, and the merchandise is carried from here up the rivers and to the settlements along the coast.

The harbor of Punta Arenas is excellent, and when the canal is completed it is believed that this port will have a considerable trade. The town is now on the boom. The price of real estate have already increased about 100 per cent, and the people expect great things when the steamer from the Atlantic shall come across the isthmus to them.

**How One Lives at the Seaside.**  
 But let me tell you how one lives here at this Costa Rican resort. Take the Hotel Europa, which, as I have said, is about the best here. I have described the bare walls of my room, and its outlook upon the Pacific. The only furniture is an iron bed, a washstand and two wicker chairs. Upon the washstand is a solitary towel. I have a right to one

*On the New Trans-Continental Railroad. It connects the Pacific Ocean with the Capital of Costa Rica*



towel every day if I so demand, but no change is made unless on request. My water pitcher is of about the size of a large beer schooner. It may hold one liter, but it is not always full. I am allowed a napkin a week, and this has been changed only upon my request. There seems to be a constant mix-up of napkins, and I am now protecting myself by writing a great C on the knot in which mine is tied at each meal.

The eating here is awful. The regular breakfast, which I take at 7 a. m., consists of a cup of black coffee and hot milk, with some crusts of dry bread. Butter is furnished, but this is so unappetizingly bad that I do not eat it. Eggs are an extra and I pay 12 cents for each one. They are of the scrambling variety. It is risky to try them soft boiled. I place out my breakfast with some jam which I buy at the stores.

La Europa serves luncheon between 11 and 12. This consists of a soup, a fish and a beefsteak, with rice and potatoes, or one can have egg without extra charge. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening they have a dinner which is much like the second breakfast. It consists of soup, of fish, some meat and a dessert. The dessert always consists of preserves. The country is full of ripe bananas, pineapples and oranges, but no fresh fruit is served, except upon order. I buy some in the market and bring my own fruit to the table.

**The Ubiquitous Buzzard.**  
 In fact, there is about only one thing which is free in Punta Arenas. This is on hand at all meals and I might say at all other times. I refer to the ubiquitous buzzard or vulture, which is the scavenger of Costa Rica. I met him first in the capital, where he walked into my room at the hotel and pecked at the sofa. I have seen him everywhere else, and here on the sea coast his name is legion. I can see forty vultures roosting on the roof about me as I am writing this letter. They sit on the fence as I eat my breakfast and they dead, derry eyes seem to be weighing the meat on my bones and wondering how it would taste if served in true vulture fashion, a trifle high.

I verily believe there are as many buzzards here as there are people. The great birds are protected by law and they take the place of the garbage wagons of Panama. I do not like them. They carry me back to Bombay, and the great white towers of silence, upon which the Parsees lay out their dead, whereupon these birds pick the bones clean.

**New Transcontinental Railroad.**  
 I came to Punta Arenas upon the newest of the transcontinental railroads. There are now lines connecting the oceans, all the way from the Grand Trunk Pacific, in Canada, which ends at Prince Rupert, to that which joins Buenos Aires to Valparaiso at the southern end of the hemisphere. The shortest railroad is our line at Panama, and next, perhaps, that at Tehuantepec. This new road in Costa Rica, which was completed last year, connects with the Atlantic railway at San Jose, and runs down here to the Gulf of Nicoya. It makes the line from ocean to ocean a little over 130 miles long, and it is one of the scenic routes of the world. I have already described the tropical beauties of the Atlantic slope between Lemon and San Jose. They compare with the Himalaya mountains and the jungle is quite as luxuriant.

On the western slope the land is now as dry almost as the Rockies. The fields are parched and brown, and the railway winds about over dry gorges and skirts thirty canyons, some of which are 1,000 feet deep. Approaching the Pacific the rainfall increases and within a short time the land is jungle again. The trees are magnificent, and among them are mahoganies, which are being cut for our furniture markets. Now and then we pass an orchard of oranges or a field of bananas. The fruit is brought to the stations and we can buy seven oranges for 2 cents of our money.

This road to the Pacific belongs to the Costa Rican government and it is operated at a considerable loss. It is poorly run and the cars are uncomfortable. They were probably made in Costa Rica, for they look as though they were cut out with a hatchet. The distance from San Jose to Punta Arenas is sixty-nine miles, but the train was six hours on the way, making an average of less than twelve miles an hour.

Indeed, the transportation methods all over the country are exceedingly primitive. The most common means of travel is on horseback, and much of the merchandise is carried on pack trains. The country is wild and mountainous, and the soil is such that it washes easily and falls off in flakes. During the dry season the roads are filled with clouds of dust and at the time of the rains they are rivers of mud. They are very much the same as the roads of northern China, consisting of ditches, cut by the wheels to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, with high walls of dry, soft earth on each side.

**On the Coffee Plantations.**  
 I am told that there are excellent coffee lands in this part of Costa Rica. They lie about 2,000 feet above the sea, some

distance back from the coast, and will probably be opened up to settlement when the canal is completed. I have already written something of Costa Rica coffee. The country is now producing about 25,000,000 pounds every year, and the bulk of this goes to London and Paris. The people here say their coffee is too rich for American blood, and that they can get several cents more a pound from the Europeans than from us. The coffee trees are descendants of the Arabian plants, and some of the beans look like Mocha, although the average is larger.

Most of the crop is raised on small farms, ranging in size from forty to fifty acres up to 100 acres. It is the fashion for the rich man to own his own coffee plantation and nearly every one of the well-to-do of San Jose has a country estate, the main crop of which is coffee. He has his home in the city, but after the winter holidays takes his family and goes to his country home for January and February, during which time he harvests the crop. The labor is done by the natives, who work for about 50 cents a day, and these, together with the foreman's suffice while the master is not present.

I have visited coffee plantations all

over the world, but those of Costa Rica are different from any I have seen in Brazil, Java or elsewhere. The young plants are set out in the shade, and bananas and other trees are cultivated with them, that they may keep off the sun. The business is scientifically carried on and great care is taken in selecting the seed. This is from the best plants and the best beans of those plants. The beans are sprouted in seed beds which have been prepared beforehand.

The ordinary seed bed is perhaps a yard square. The beans are only half covered with earth. Indeed, they are set in by hand so that a half of each only shows above ground. After a time from the top of the bean comes a sprout and from the bottom shoots down a root into the earth. The sprout grows into leaves, and when the plants are a month old they are set out in the nursery in rows about six inches apart. They grow there for a year, and are then transplanted to an orchard, where they are to stay. The plants are now about six feet apart. They are carefully cultivated and are kept free from weeds. They begin to produce fruit at three years, and will yield a full crop at five. In Costa Rica a good yield per tree is about one and one-half pounds.

The harvesting season begins along in December. The coffee is then ripe, and the trees are covered with berries much like red cherries. These are picked off by girls and carried to the factory, where the flesh is taken off by popping, or by running the dried seeds through the machinery. After the beans have been popped they still have two thin coats of skin. These are taken off by machinery, and packed up for export.

**Some American Planters.**  
 I find many American coffee planters down here in Costa Rica. I met in San Jose a banker who has an estate of 400 acres, and I saw several other Americans who own estates on the railroad between San Jose and the Atlantic ocean. I found a big coffee plantation on my way up Mount Posas. This belongs to the British consul, Mr. Cox, and a young American, Jerome B. Clarke. It is one of the best managed coffee estates in the country. The owners are mixing their work with brains and are adopting modern agricultural methods in the raising of coffee. They cultivate the trees so as to conserve the moisture. They use artificial fertilizers, adopting the same formulas as those used in Hawaii. The effect of this work is already shown in their trees and in their crops, and people come from far and near to see the results.

The coffee plantation of Cox & Clarke now consists of 20 acres, which they have chopped out of the jungle. It is as clean as a Dutchman's flower garden, and the trees are wonderfully coming. I asked Mr. Clarke as to his labor. He tells me that the ordinary wage is 50 cents a day, but that he finds it better to contract for his work by the piece. The contractor labors with the men, and in this way is able to get much more work done. Mr. Clarke has also a coffee-drying establishment and a lumber mill, connected with which is a factory for making ox carts.

**This Man Grows Oranges.**  
 Among the other American planters I have met here is a Mr. Meigs, the son of the Californian who built so many of the South American railroads. Mr. Meigs has an orange estate on the Atlantic slope, which he is cultivating after modern scientific methods. He is also raising grape fruit. He has now about 10,000 trees, and they are just coming into bearing. His fruit will go first to Port Limon by railroad and thence direct to New York.

Speaking of American institutions in Costa Rica, by far the most influential of all is the United Fruit company, the Costa Rican manager of which is now William E. Mullins. This company has millions invested in its banana industry and in ranches and railroads. It owns the chief transportation lines and has one of the leading steamship lines of the Caribbean sea. It has done more to develop Costa Rica than any other one thing, and it is today the chief influence in behalf of the prosperity and progress of the country.

## Design for Iowa's Allison Monument



DESIGN ACCEPTED BY THE COMMISSION FOR THE MEMORIAL TO BE PLACED IN HONOR OF THE LATE SENATOR W. B. ALLISON OF IOWA.

Edgar R. Harian, secretary of the Allison monument commission, has announced that the design submitted by Mary Evelyn Beatrice Longman is the one selected by the commission as the memorial which will be erected to Iowa's distinguished statesman, the late Senator William B. Allison.

The monument was selected from the fourteen of which models were submitted in the formal competition. Artists' notes from all parts of the country were entered. The choice of the commission was unanimously in harmony with the advice of art experts who were consulted in making the choice.

General Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, chairman of the committee which raised funds for the memorial, Hon. B. P. Carroll, governor of Iowa, and Edgar R. Harian, curator of the state historical department, constituted the personnel of the commission which made the award. In consultation with them were Charles Grosvenor, one of the most prominent sculptors of the country, and Emmanuel Louis Masqueray of St. Paul, architectural expert and designer of the buildings at the St. Louis exposition. Both artists were nominated by the National Sculpture society as men who would afford indisputable opinion on the art quality of the monuments submitted.

The successful sculptress is a native of Ohio. She formerly was a pupil of and assistant to Daniel Chester French and a student under the famous St. Gaudens as well. She studied at Olivet college, Michigan, in 1896-1898, and at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1898-1900, graduating with honors. Since 1900 she has worked in New York. She is a member of several important art associations and

has won numerous honors in competitions in art.

In the monument chosen the artist attempts to express symbolically as well as by portraiture the character and individuality of Senator Allison as required according to the program originally announced by the commission. When erected it will be thirty feet high and sixty-nine feet wide in the diameter of its base. Upon the front of the pedestal is a portrait of Senator Allison in bas relief flanked on either side by groups which represent the high civic ideals for which he stood.

The artist conceived Senator Allison as a national figure, and works her conception into the memorial. Seated on the pedestal, crowned with laurel and holding in the left hand a staff surmounted by the American eagle, and in the right a sheathed sword, is the statue of the republic. On one side of the monument is the group representing the Victory of Peace. Peace bears her ancient symbol, the palm, and leads Humanity, symbolized by the mother and child. Labor, bearing a sheaf of wheat and the scythe, follows. The Victory of Knowledge, presented in a group on the opposite side of the pedestal, shows Knowledge carrying a torch and a sphere. Wisdom carrying the books of law and the Roman fasces, and Financial Prosperity bearing the horn of plenty filled with coins.

An inscription which the commission will later select will be inscribed below the portrait and below both will be the motto, "Good citizenship is the foundation of a nation."  
 The monument is not a fountain, but is designed for a water setting. All the figures in the model are sketches and are

subject to modifications and elaboration in accordance with the suggestion of the expert committee. The commission probably will ask the artist to strengthen the portrait and possibly to design the figure of the republic standing instead of seated.

Secretary Harian declared that the commission, supported by the opinion of the expert committee, feels that the highest expression in form of the character and individuality of the subject has been reached. It is believed that there remains only one problem to be solved in making the memorial one of the great expressions in American sculpture, and that is the problem of finding a place for the monument.

Three years have been apportioned for the selection of a site and erection of the memorial. Its cost will be slightly over \$10,000.

## Healthy Mothers

Women who bear children and remain healthy are those who prepare their systems in advance of baby's coming. Unless the mother aids nature in its pre-natal work the crisis finds her system unequal to the demands made upon it, and she is often left with weakened health or chronic ailments. No remedy is so truly a help to nature as Mother's Friend and no expectant mother should fail to use it. It relieves the pain and discomfort caused by the strain or the ligaments, makes pliant and elastic those fibres and muscles which nature is expanding, prevents numbness of limbs, and soothes the inflammation of breast glands. The system being thus prepared by Mother's Friend dispels the fear that the crisis may not be safely met. Mother's Friend assures a speedy and complete recovery for the mother, and she is left a healthy woman to enjoy the rearing of her child. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

**MOTHER'S FRIEND**  
 After having deliberated for twenty-four hours and having taken sixty-two ballots the jury trying Deputy Sheriff Mike Wallace on a charge of vagrancy reported its inability to agree to Judge Leslie in district court yesterday and was discharged. Wallace will be tried again. The jury stood seven to five on the final ballot.

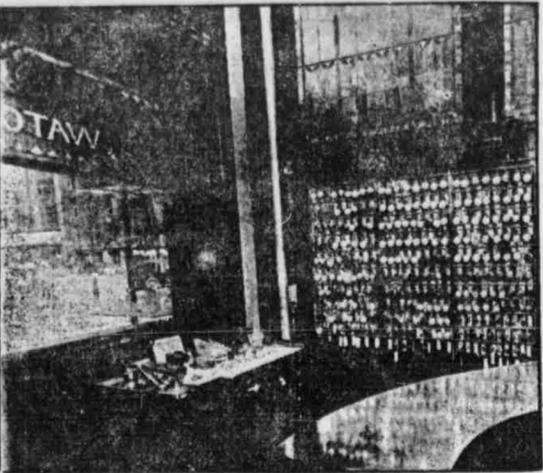
## Taft Campaign in State Takes Spurt

The Taft campaign in this state has taken a decided spurt since the supreme court has settled the electoral tangle. Beginning a few days after that decision was made known, the mails coming into state headquarters at the Paxton hotel were a great deal heavier than they have been at any time during the campaign. Within three days after the decision was rendered the headquarters had received demands for speakers at twelve of the principal cities of the state, including Grand Island, York, Aurora, Central City, Cambridge and others. The committee got busy at once to supply speakers. Increased numbers of inquir-

ies for republican literature came flooding in and the office was kept busy sending out copies of the republican platform, the Barthold reply to Roosevelt, the prosperity cards and lots of other material that has been dispensed regularly from the headquarters.

## Jury Disagrees in the Wallace Case

After having deliberated for twenty-four hours and having taken sixty-two ballots the jury trying Deputy Sheriff Mike Wallace on a charge of vagrancy reported its inability to agree to Judge Leslie in district court yesterday and was discharged. Wallace will be tried again. The jury stood seven to five on the final ballot.



## We Don't Fix a Watch

once in awhile—the contrary, we have a force of skilled watch-makers in our own shops, who are kept busy the year 'round, and our circle of operation extends over several states.

Any man who wants to sit down at our benches must have spent some years at the leading American factories, besides taking post-graduate courses in Zurich, Munich or Berlin.

That is why we can give thorough satisfaction in regard to fine Swiss watches and French clocks.

Every piece of repair work becomes a solid link in our well-established reputation, and, while the scope of our business makes prices the lowest, yet our guarantee is as true as a gold band.

The watches that guide the great train systems of the Union Pacific and the C., St. P., M. & O. R. R. have for years been inspected and regulated by our staff.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CROWN UP THE GOLDEN STAIRS

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of Holdrege, Nebraska,

### For State Railway Commissioner

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Right on public questions. Not a fighter of sham battles, but will fight for the things you want.

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Vote For

## John H. Morehead

Democratic and People's Independent Nominee

### FOR GOVERNOR

Falls City, Neb.  
 ELECTION NOVEMBER 27th.

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 SANATORIUM  
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This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of noncontagious and venereal diseases, no others being admitted. The other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases, requiring for a timely watchful care and special nursing.